

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle

The Titanic is a grave site not a place for the rich to go there and use it as a play area the the dead there rest in peace and stop all diving on the Titanic site

Poem.

In the depths of the ocean, a story unfolds, A tragic tale of a vessel, once mighty and bold. The Titanic, her name etched in history's pages, A haunting reminder of the past's lingering stages. Beneath the waves, where darkness resides, A grave site lies dormant, where the wreckage hides. But some souls fail to understand the weight, Of this solemn place, where destinies met their fate.

Oh, let not the wealthy, with hearts void of care, Descend upon this hallowed ground, unaware. For it is not a playground, a mere tourist attraction, But a final resting place, demanding our compassion.

The Titanic holds secrets, stories untold, Of lives that were shattered, of dreams put on hold. Their echoes still linger in the ocean's embrace, Whispering tales of sorrow, longing, and grace. Let the spirits find solace in eternal sleep, Unburdened by prying eyes that seek to peep. Respect their slumber, their eternal repose, And honor their memory, as the sea wind blows.

For the Titanic is more than just a sunken ship, It's a testament to humanity's mortal grip. In its depths, a lesson we must learn and heed, To treat history's relics with the reverence they need. So, cease the diving, the intrusion, the play, Let the Titanic rest in peace, undisturbed, we pray. May her legacy endure, a reminder profound, That even in tragedy, our humanity can be found.
By Donald Jay